



GOLF BALL into AERO TYRE

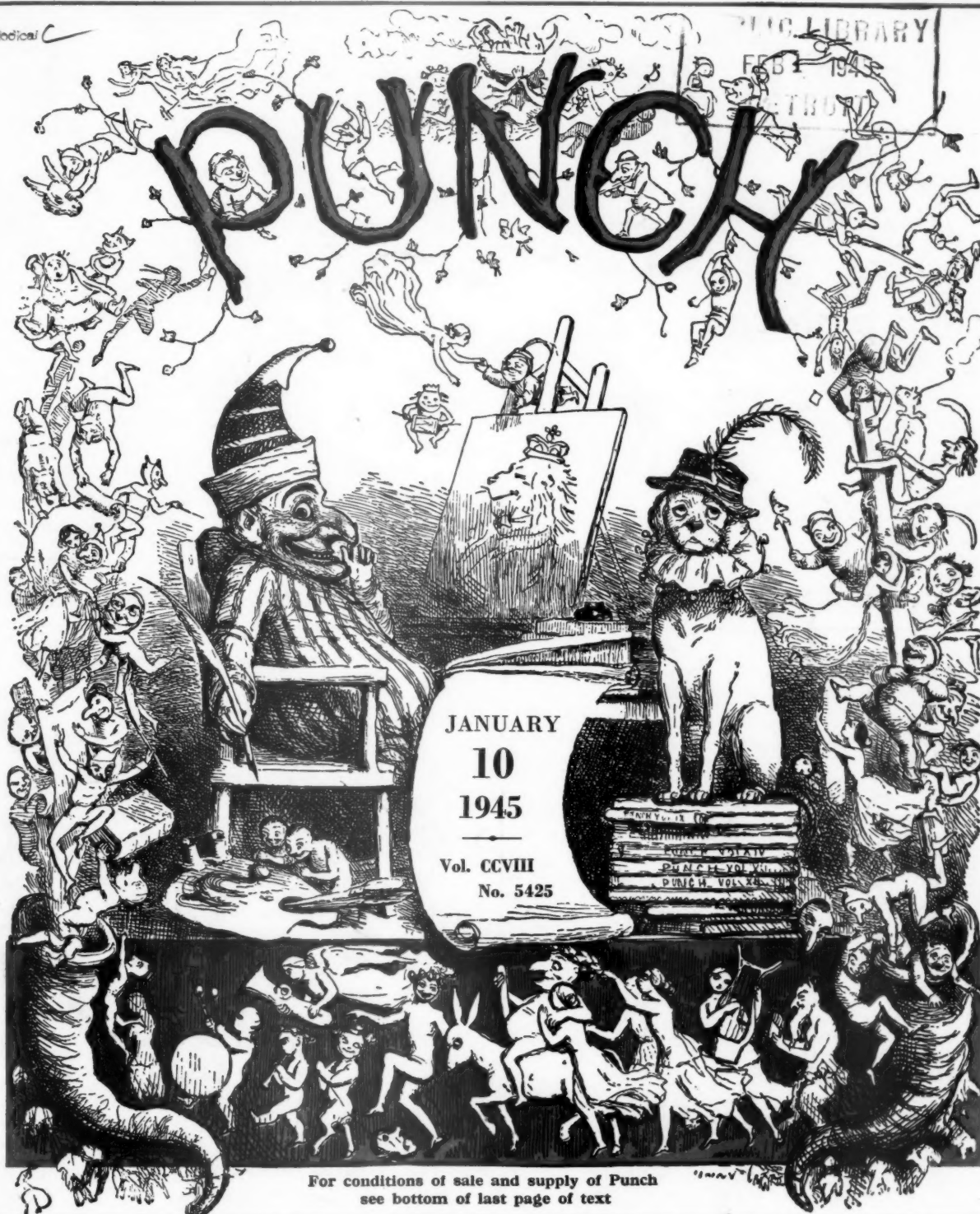


... PART OF THE

DUNLOP

WAR EFFORT

Periodical



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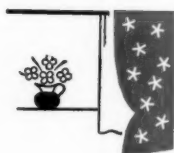
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Regd

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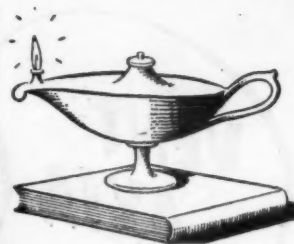
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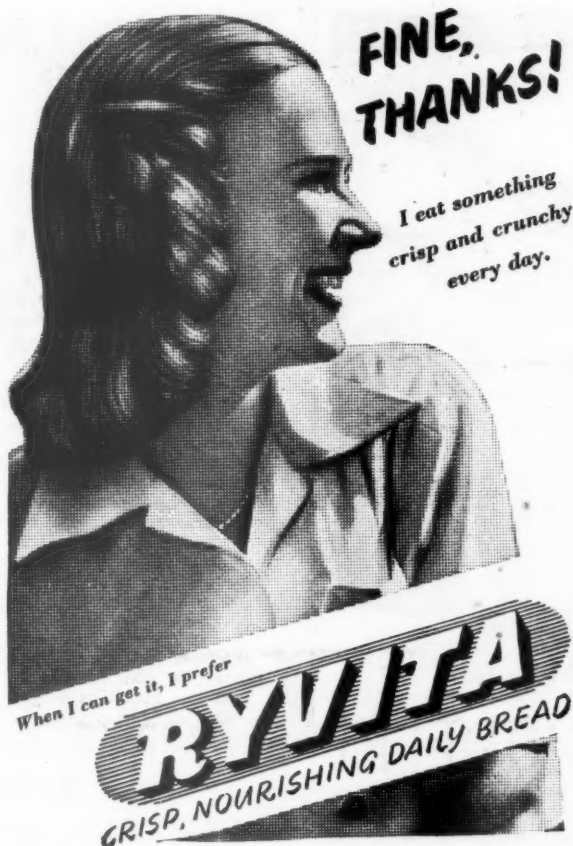


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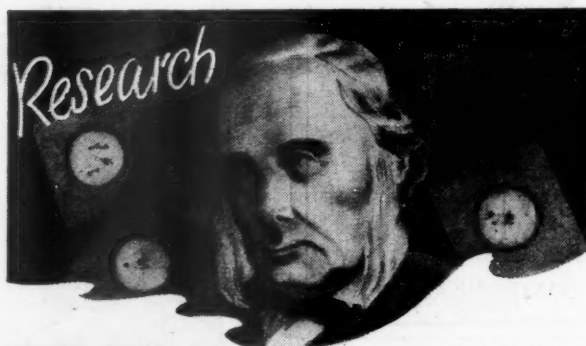
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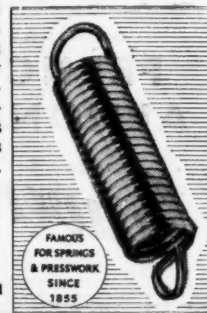
Research . . .

and experiment to-day are employed also in saving the "lives" of countless mechanisms on which we have come to depend in our daily existence. In the early days of Spring manufacture, for instance, the efficient life of anything depending on spring-operation was problematical. But the 89 years since Terry's of Redditch entered this field have seen revolutionary improvements. Thanks to the work of the Terry Research Laboratories springs can now be produced scientifically calculated to perform the most intricate functions and to withstand previously unheard-of tests of endurance. That is why Terry's should be consulted on spring problems even before machine designs are completed.

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PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVIII No. 5425

January 10 1945

Charivaria

THERE has been another drop in German morale. They will not be able to dilute it much further.

The Germans have nearly lost their industrial basin. Which means that their big pots are all washed up.

There is little improvement in the newsprint situation. Daily papers may not have room till March to print the stories the M.O.I. is keeping back till May or June.

You'd-Know-Him-Anywhere Corner

"His forehead was high. On each side of his long nose, whence deep furrows ran to the ends of the mouth, were two black prominent eyes."—From a novel.



A retired bookmaker is to stand for Parliament. It will be interesting to see if his backers get their place money returned.

"Paris is full of phoney war correspondents," a press journal asserts. False whiskers, however, cannot hide a really keen fashion expert.

Hitler will not return to his mountain retreat. He found even that fastness too slow.

"It is a thrill for a private soldier to walk out in collar and tie, brown shoes and creased slacks," declares a writer. Particularly if he can collect some salutes from unwary privates with no collar and tie, Army boots and baggy battle-dress trousers.



"What Your Post-War Car Will Be Like," says a heading. A simple way of finding out is to peep under the dust-sheet in the garage.

Transport concerns promise seats for all as soon as it is humanly possible, but it is pointed out that strap-hangers will have to keep on each others' toes until they receive the official sit-down order.

Quick Work

"10.57 Carols [B.B.C. Recording]
10.58 News headlines."—Radio programme.

A radio critic suggests that dance-band leaders should make a New Year resolution not to try to be funny. On the other hand, comedians should continue to persevere.

"I should like to buy a jeep from the American Army after the war and tour England in it," says a correspondent. What fun! He could leave the roads to less enterprising motorists and follow the hounds.



Courage!

I SOMETIMES wonder if this table
Will stand the strain of endless war,
Or (say) some fifteen years of Babel
Will find us feeding on the floor;
The Universal Peace Plan Lovers
Have never made it wholly plain
When carpets and when arm-chair covers
Will dawn upon the world again.

Add to the strife another lustre,
And I shall lay my weary head
At nights beneath a kitchen duster
On what was long ago a bed;
I doubt if any piece of crockery,
A cup, a saucer, or a plate
Can still, without a trace of mockery,
Describe its neighbour as a mate.

I fancy no one ever grumbles
(As none can say I do myself)
When something really priceless tumbles
For ever from the tottering shelf,
Nor thinks that, ere the cannon ceases
And silent stands the armless Hun,
The laundry will have ripped to pieces
His shirts and collars, one by one.

Tell not of days when there were gluttons,
Remember not the years unknown,
My comrades, when pyjama buttons
Were still upon pyjamas sewn;
Once more the bugle-call arouses!
Once more the edgeless razor shaves!
If England cannot give us houses
There still are holes in woods and caves.

Enough! No more! We must be braver,
Heat up the desiccated eggs!
Sit down to meals that have no savour
Upon the chair that has no legs;
See yonder man of high endeavour,
Well nourished with essential fats
Who cares not if we fight for ever—
He profiteers in rents of flats.

EVOE.

A Christmas Memory

THE time has now come when some at least of the facts concerning the arrival of a cockerel at this house on the 22nd of December can be made public. Briefly, we had given up hope of a turkey or goose and had ordered through devious but legal channels a common or garden chicken. On the morning of the 22nd, Mrs. G——, the principal agent in this matter, stated categorically but with regret that no chicken would be forthcoming. "I wish I could have managed it," she said, "but you know how it is." We said we knew very well how it was, and no doubt the butcher would be sending a

nice piece of pork. Then we went straight home and rang up Mr. S——, a man of influence and resource, whom we ought to have thought of before.

"A chicken?" he said. "Not too easy at this time of day. Now if you'd said a goose—"

We rectified the omission and in a few moments the thing was done. "What a blessing," we said, as we put the receiver back, "that the chicken fell through."

After lunch Mr. G—— arrived triumphant with a cockerel. "Managed it after all," he explained with an enormous grin. "Mrs. G—— was set on not letting you down if she could help it. And by a bit of luck . . ."

"Providential," we murmured. "Well, thank you so much, Mr. G——. This has made all the difference. A very happy Christmas to you."

"All the best for forty-five," said Mr. G——, and pushed off, whistling.

"Well," I said, "that was all very fine and matey, but what on earth are we going to do with this frightful creature now we've got it?"

"Eat it of course," they said; "for lunch to-morrow."

"But it's covered with feathers."

This statement, which did no more than point out the obvious, put them all in a fine state of confusion. The house rang with cries of despair. "Oh, dear! I do think they might have—" "I wonder if the milkman—" "Surely one has a right to expect—" "Isn't there some way of dipping them in boiling water?" And so on. Pessimism and futile counsel jostled each other in a manner more fitting for a Greek chorus than an English household, as I did not hesitate to point out.

When it had gone on long enough I stilled the clamour with an imperious wave of the bird, which I still held upside-down by the legs in the proper manner.

"Why all the fuss?" I asked. "I will pluck this fowl."

This for some reason caused more fuss than ever. But in the end I managed to quieten the womenfolk and send the children to the nursery. Then I issued a few simple directions.

"Let a fire be lit in the dining-room," I said. "Let the smaller pieces of furniture be removed and let dust sheets be spread over the heavier pieces. The carpet is to be rolled back as though for a dance."

When this had been done I caused a large zinc bath to be set before the fire and a porcelain dish beside it. Then I put on a suit of overalls and sat down and plucked the fowl.

There is nothing particularly difficult about plucking. You have only to hold the thing by the legs and pull the feathers out. There are a great many of these. Some come out with ease, others only by the exertion of great strength and with sections of skin adhering to their ends; others again (notably the pinions, or wing feathers) must be removed with pincers. A surprising amount of dust rises from the bird which at times makes visibility poor, and now and again an unusually sharp tug will cause the bird's head to swing up and buffet the hand or arm in a disagreeable manner. There is no need, by the way, to remove the ruff of feathers round the upper part of the neck. This goes with the head, and the further, if I may say so, the better.

When I had made an end of the business, and been praised and petted and given a cup of tea, some busybody must needs say, "Well, and what are you going to do with it now?"

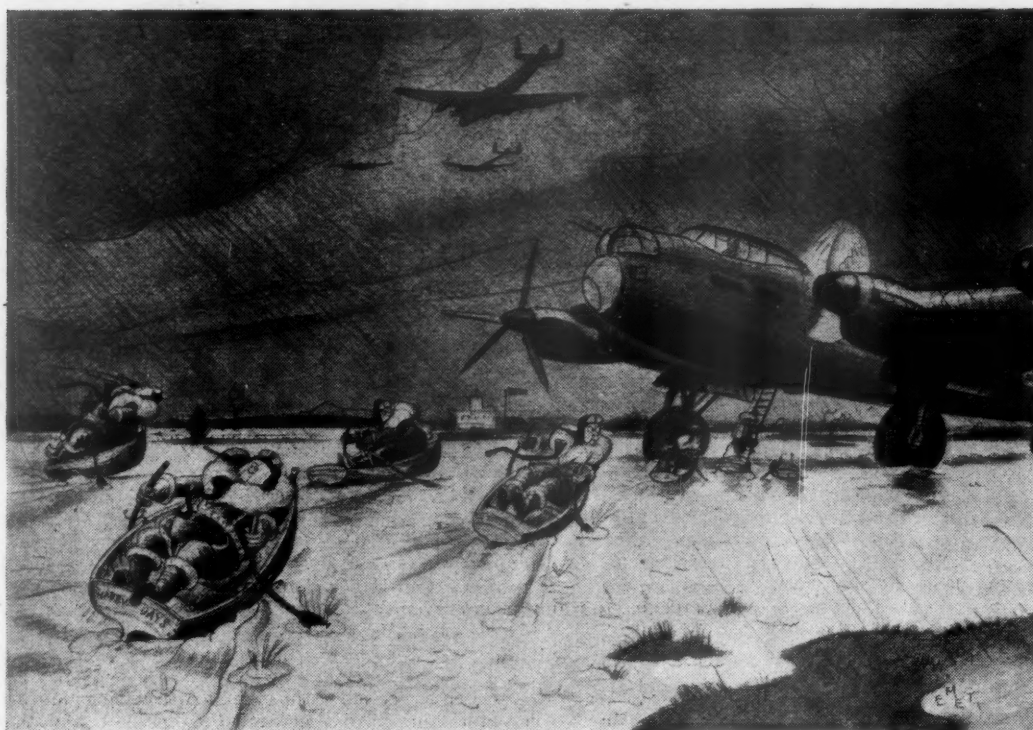
"Singe it," I said.

"But can you? With all those feathers round the head?"

"The head must come off," I said sternly. Heaven knows I had never meant to say such a thing, but my blood



HIS SERVANT'S VOICE



was up, I suppose, and I spoke on the spur of the moment. Besides, when one has said one is going to sing a thing, it becomes more or less a point of honour to sing it.

Now as a general rule there is no problem about cutting off a head. You take a knife (or chopper) and cut (or chop) it off. But the affair is complicated when you are faced with a neck as long as a chicken's (and, believe me, it is no small matter when the feathers are off). There is such a bewildering choice of places for the operation, and not all of them, perhaps indeed only one of them, can be right. I like to do a thing properly, so I took the bird into the kitchen and consulted Mrs. Beeton.

Mrs. Beeton is quite definite. "Cut a long slit in the back of the neck," she begins gaily, "in the manner shown in Trussing Illustration No. 1, Fig. 1; pass the knife under the skin, cut off the neck at its junction with the body, taking care not to cut through the under-skin of the neck in this motion. Then cut through the skin of the back of the neck at the place where the first incision was made and through the underneath skin about three inches from the breast, leaving the two flaps of neck skin to fold over the jagged opening (see Figs. 2 and 3), and draw out the neck."

I make no comment on this passage, beyond observing that the operation cannot be carried out in this way. "Jagged opening" is right, but the rest is eyewash. And if the text is misleading the illustrations are positively fraudulent. I am sorry to say this about my old friend Mrs. Beeton, but Figs. 1-3 give the student *no idea whatever* what he is up against. They ought, for one thing, to be in Technicolor.

However, the really disastrous thing about Mrs. Beeton

is that one always reads on. It is well-nigh impossible to leave well alone. "Then take out the crop—" she goes on seductively. It is a pretty poor sort of chap, one feels, who can't do a simple thing like taking out a crop.

None of us, I am sorry to say, was quite sure what a crop looked like, but there was a general feeling that this particular crop was out already. "Didn't it come out before?" they said. "You know, when you drew out the neck." This raised a general laugh, in which I did not join, but I took a quick look at the neck and was inclined on the whole to agree. A good deal seemed to have come out with the neck, one way and another.

"Right-ho, then," I said briskly. "If the crop's out I may as well make a job of it"; and I bent again over Mrs. Beeton and the bird.

* * * * *

They were very good to me when it was all over. It took four of them to straighten my back, and about the same number of whiskies to get the haunted look out of my eyes. Then I lay on the sofa while they read to me about rain-washed skies and wide wastes of ocean and placid rivers bordered by meadows rich with the scent of cowslips and wild agrimony. I began to feel better. By dinner-time I felt strong enough to manage a little fish, and by ten o'clock I was sitting up and stroking the cat almost in my normal manner. Then somebody said: "I wonder if the goose will come dressed?"

My legs doubled up under me and I fell flat on my back with my knees drawn up and my arms folded across my chest about three inches from the breast-bone (see Trussing Illustration No. 1, Fig. 4).

H. F. E.

It was when we were in the County School.

"I THINK all Wrens should be trained to cook cabbage," the Second Officer said.

The Maintenance Commander looked up with a dreamy expression in his eye. He had ignored the cabbage on his plate, a discrimination that I could not help following.

"It's surprising what some people can be trained to," he said. "It reminds me of that chap Scrabster."

We were in the ward-room of H.M.S. *White Knight*, a shore establishment that had once held its hundreds but in which the ward-room now contained three Wren officers, the Commander and myself, a casual visitor.

The Second Officer sighed audibly. She knew, from long experience, that the subject of cooking could now be considered as shelved. We were back in the fighting days of '41 and '42.

"In the end," the Commander went on, "he made quite a good gunnery officer. I don't suppose that trouble over the fireplace did him any real harm."

"What fireplace?" I asked, as a matter of form. Any question was really unnecessary.

"We were in the County School at the time, the girls' school, that is, and the room the junior officers used was the headmistress's study, and a very handsome affair it was, I must say. The amazing thing was that nobody noticed the things until they were finished. It was that case at Brighton that brought it all back to me."

Confusing as it sounded, I kept silent. Even if the Commander did not eventually unravel his story, no question from me would assist.

"Only this chap Scrabster was a sculptor in civil life, so they said. One was the Spirit of Victory and the other the Spirit of Freedom, so he said. Females, both of them."

I could stand it no longer. "How did they get into the fireplace?" I asked.

He looked at me with mild surprise.

"He carved them on the wooden supports, of course. Nice plain pieces of wood they were until he got at them. Not that anyone gave them a thought until the County Council made their annual inspection and we had that visit from the Admiral.

"The first thing he said when he saw me was 'What's all this nonsense about someone carving on a fireplace?' and I looked at him innocently,

although my heart sank. Whichever way I answered, it looked as though I was trembling on the brink of some very hot water.

"Would you like to see them, sir?" I said, playing for time, and he snorted and said 'Of course,' so I led him to the study, knowing that if there was anything wrong anywhere it was bound to be there.

"He looked at them for some time. Then he said 'Stuff and nonsense. Improve any room. The man's a genius.'

"I breathed a deep sigh of relief. The Admiral was reputed to have an eye for *objets d'art*, as they're called, and if he was taking that view life for me might be easier.

"Damn fool of a county clerk says they're distasteful to any decent eye. Just shows what numbskulls lawyers are. Damned if I don't tell their Lordships to claim for improvements."

"Well, that was the start of it. Mercifully, it was out of my hands, as the Admiral took over the correspondence, but his secretary used to let me see it. As I told him, this man Scrabster was entitled to be kept informed on what was to happen to his work.

"At first the County Council was on a high horse and talked about wilful damage, but suddenly there was a change. It came after the Curator of the County Museum saw the carvings. My guess was that he agreed with the Admiral, for in the next letter the county clerk said he intended to

remove the panels—which was what he now called them—for safe custody.

"The Admiral's reply was a real snorter. He pointed out that the work had been done by a Government servant in Government time on property requisitioned by the Government and that if the County Council walked in he would clap 'em in irons, metaphorically speaking. The county clerk came back with a long letter to say that the property in the actual timber—whatever that meant—still remained in the County Council, and that if anyone effected a permanent improvement in their property they were entitled to the benefit of it. I expected legal proceedings any day after that.

"My difficulty was this chap Scrabster. For some reason he seemed to resent all this fuss and he said that for two pins he'd alter 'em so that neither the Admiralty nor the County Council would dare to take them away. I had to point out that there was such a thing as naval discipline. But, fortunately, he was getting more and more interested in gunnery and that kept him quiet, particularly as I had a few words with his instructors."

The Commander sighed. "I often think it would have made an interesting court case," he said at last.

I waited for him to go on, but he was silent.

"What did happen?" I asked finally, as the Commander, no doubt, intended that I should.

He settled down more comfortably in his chair.

"It all comes back to what the Second Officer was saying. If only all Wrens were trained to cook. One of the little dears set the galley alight with some boiling fat and the galley was under the room with the fireplace. So that was the end of the Spirit of Victory and the Spirit of Freedom."

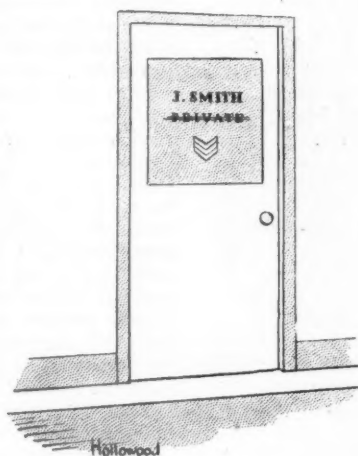
He looked at the Second Officer, who suddenly laughed.

"You old humbug," she said. "I don't believe a word of it."

When she had gone I looked at the Commander. He sat there placid and innocent.

"What happened to Scrabster?" I said suddenly.

"Oh, he passed out very well and joined a ship going East. I doubt if he'll find it so easy to carve on bamboo," he said absently. "Did I ever tell you about that rating we had who was so very good at embroidery?"



The Ancient Mariner

(The Minister of Fuel and Power has made a request that electricity should be used sparingly between the hours of 8 and 10 a.m.)

The Mariner, awaking, feelth the coldness of the dawn, and snugleth down in bed.

STILL hid in mist, the sun, I wist,
Now rose upon the right;
And every tree, most silently,
Gleam'd cold, and clear, and white.

I rais'd my hand, I mov'd the clothes,
And sniff'd the outer air;
It touch'd my face, it stung my nose—
Ah, me, what saw I there!

Like wreath'd flowers the thick-
ribb'd ice
Lay on the casement pane;
I dropp'd my head, and in a trice
I snuggl'd down again.

How long in that same warmth I lay
I have no means to tell;
But soon my sleep dissolv'd away,
For I heard the warning bell

He again sleepeth, but the bell arouseth him.

That call'd me to my porringer,
And tea, and toasted bread:
As I a blessed martyr were
Eftsoons I leapt from bed,

Like one that on a lonesome shore
Doth pause, with trembling knees,
And, having paus'd, at once dives in
The frore and bitter seas,
Although he knows the frightful wave
Will all his body freeze.

He disporteth himself in the bath,

At first, my frame with utter cold
Nor sense nor feeling hath:
But eft I wrapp'd my shoulders round,
And drew my breath, and with a bound
I slid into the bath.

and shaveth.

I touch'd my lip, I strok'd my chin,
And my beard was stiff as sedge;
Razors, razors, everywhere,
And all without an edge.

With heart afeard, I scrap'd my beard,
And my cheeks for woe did bleed;
All streak'd with blood, half shav'd I
stood:
It was a ghastly deed.

He proceedeth to the banqueting-hall, and findeth it cold,

But lo! I heard a phantom voice
That summon'd me below;
I staunch'd the blood, I dress'd my
limbs,
And my heart grew light also.

Fair was the bride, the feast was fried;
And the air was deathly chill;
The clock toll'd eight, void stood the
grate—
The Minister hath his will.

No glow was seen, nor volt, I ween,
Hath warm'd or coil or bar;
I stretch'd my hand; the fire was cold
As pools of water are
That freeze all night in the pale moon
light,
Dogg'd by a frosty star.

he unlawfully switcheth on the fire

"God save thee, Ancient Mariner,
From the spirits so dark and dire
That thee bewitch!"—I touch'd the
switch
Straightway and lit the fire.

and loseth his peace.

Since then I cannot lift my head,
And am of peace forlorn;
A colder and a wiser man
I was the morrow morn.

Explanation in the Lift

TO the end of my days now, I suppose, when I see that sort of list stuck up in a lift, the first thing that comes into my head will be the phrase "mansard roof."

They stick the list up in the lift, wedging it above or below the floor indicator, when there is a new night porter who has to be taught which flats are on which floor. It is a perfectly simple list of six items—"3rd: 41-60," and so on up to "8th: 141-160"—and I think it would save them a great deal of trouble if they inscribed it carefully on a stout card with a string to hang it up by, but no: every few weeks, when there is a new night porter, someone scribbles a new list on a scrap of paper for him. Then shortly after he is figure-perfect and has thrown it away, he leaves, and another has to be written out for the new one.

But the mere presence of the list, any list, is enough for me. Every time I see it—large or small figures, in ink or pencil, on newspaper-edge or cigarette-packet—I think of the phrase "mansard roof," and I believe I always shall.

This is because some time ago one of the succession of night porters, who left long before I learned his name, as they all do, took it upon himself to explain to me what a mansard roof was, and why.

He was a tall man, rather beefy, who used to put me in mind of one of Edgar Wallace's more sinister villains, probably a doctor (a great many of Edgar Wallace's villains were doctors; this is one of the facts that remain with me from the period, about nine years ago, when I read between seventy and eighty Edgar Wallace novels in five months). He had a grating voice, grey hair smoothed back, and a lot of wrinkles—many of them on the back of his neck, the part of a lift-man one usually gets to know best. His manner was independent and off-hand and I sometimes used to think that it would be hardly at all surprising if as one entered his lift he half-turned and casually offered one a cigar, which should later explode. I mean *explode*: not just a joke, but big-time villain stuff, with all the overtones—the body in the sewer, the fast car, the waiting motor-boat, the fog, and Inspector Elk with his feet up on somebody's desk at Scotland Yard.

That however is what I *used* to think. Now I think of mansard roofs, not Inspector Elk.

Exactly how the conversation began I don't remember—

presumably he led off with something about the weather as I got into the lift. It was (as usual) either abnormally cold or abnormally warm, I forget which; but I remember very well his next remark, which was "Course you know why it is, don't you? It's because of all these mansard roofs."

Not being sure what a mansard roof was, I said nothing. "Course you know what a mansard roof is, don't you? It's—"

He took his hand off the lever, and we stopped between two floors.

"It's a roof," he said, bending a little sideways as if peering round a corner, and putting the tips of his fingers together a few inches from his forbidding face, "like—well, as it might be—"

The indicator buzzed a call from the ground floor; he turned aside long enough to flick it blank again.

"The point is," said the night porter, holding his hands together in a Gothic arch and looking at me from the corner of his eye, "to get the angle of the roof big even though the building's narrow and the roof's high, see? So what this fellow Mansard does—"

A sudden thought struck him and he stared directly at me with a calculating air.

"Course you know what a big angle is, don't you? It's a—*it's a big angle*. I mean look, here's a small angle, and *here's a big angle*. Degrees they measure 'em in, like hot and cold."

He demonstrated with his fingers.

"Well, what this Mansard—Frenchman he was, lived in historical times—what he thinks of doing is two roofs in one, you understand? A big angle at the top edge of the roof, where the sea-gulls perch, and then halfway down—*kk!*" (he made a clicking noise) "—there's a change in the slope and it falls steeper."

In the pause he started the lift again and I (asking for it) said "Why?"

"Why," he replied instantly, taking his hand off the

lever so that the lift stopped when the fourth floor was at our eye-level, "because it hasn't got so far to come, you understand? It's got to get there quicker, see? That's the great point of a mansard roof—it comes *down*, over the eaves, where the swallows nest, but it don't go *up* so high."

He started the lift again. The indicator buzzed.

"And that's what I say isn't *natural*," he went on. "It ought to go up high. It's a deception, you might call it. It's going against nature, a mansard roof. Like cutting down the trees in Australia."

I prevailed on him to stop at my floor, but now, in a way, I wish I hadn't. How on earth did he connect the weather with the prevalence of mansard roofs?

I suppose Inspector Elk might work it out. . . .

R. M.

WE pray that it may not be long before a European tyranny worse than Napoleon's crashes to its doom and we can look back at the time when Britain alone barred the way to the evil hordes and say again with

WILLIAM PITT

"England has saved herself by her exertions and will, I trust, save Europe by her example."

We do not know how far distant that day is; but we do know that the needs of the Fighting Forces are greater than ever. They need everything we can give. Have you given all you can spare to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND? Every penny means that some fighting man somewhere can have more of the small comforts that mean so much. Send to-day to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

ANOTHER CHANGED FACE

THE PERFECT HOST

"Oh, I say, you can't possibly go yet: why, it's hardly one o'clock!"



"I don't want to hurry anyone, but the last bus goes at 10.15!!!"





"After I've shouted my 'Standing at eight-and-six and ten-and-six,' would you please allow a respectable pause before chiming in with your wretched shilling seats?"

The Phoney Phleet

LXVIII—H.M.S. "Untouchable"

WHO is this Admiral, whose wine-dark face
Reflects the rolling purple of the sea,
Clashing a trifle with his golden lace,
Competing with his ribbons? Who is he?

Reverse the one-way trafficking of Time;
Arrest it at the Bongo-Bongo War;
Give me a gin or two (or three) and lime
And I will let you know. The name's Maugh-Gore.

A midshipman, no less, in those far days,
In H.M.S. *Untouchable*, a sloop;
Notorious for a state of mental haze
That made his messmates think him off his loop.

Yet he *could* think. At least, he had *one* thought,
Reaction, complex, sub-subconscious wish—
Never, whatever hazards Fortune brought,
To come in contact with a jelly-fish.

This was his lodestar, this his guiding rule—
It shaped his life on land and sea and air.
In boats, *e.g.*, while others played the fool
Maugh-Gore sat still. One might fall out. *Beware!*

This earned him marks for being well-behaved;
And, similarly, *when* the fellow swam
He wore white gloves, nor was it thought depraved.
No. Well turned-out and smart. Money for jam!

Promotion was assured—one stripe, then two,
Two and a half and Captain of his ship;
Restraining all his actions, his taboo
Preserved Maugh-Gore from making any slip.

Thus did he reach the crux of his career,
The Battle of the Bongo-Bongo Bight,
When, noticing a jelly-fish draw near,
A *huge* one, very wobbly, he took fright.

Twisting *Untouchable* this way and that,
Panicking full astern or full ahead,
He rammed some fifteen battleships full bat,
And with their loss all Bongo hopes lay dead.

A grateful nation granted him more pay;
Their Lordships dished him out with four more stripes.
There's really nothing more for me to say
Except, some types have luck. They do. Some types.

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

THE next Fragment was led up to by a visit from my grandfather, who blew in to lunch and entertained us throughout the afternoon and early evening by changing a billiard-ball into a coloured handkerchief and vice versa. My wife always tried to cook her best for him and by about ten o'clock she announced herself really satisfied with the sandwiches, in each case the top fitting *exactly* on the bottom. When he told us that he didn't mind if he stayed the night I got some quick-drying paint to do up the spare bedroom, we always treating him with great respect though a relation; but as the only brush I had scraped bits out of the wall, I had to go round the neighbours to see if anyone could lend us either some arras or pieces of very wide furniture. Fortunately the people who live at "Chez Nobis" lent us some tapestries of Lady Hamilton Receiving the Freedom of the Seas but insisted on a deposit, so I sat down and wrote them the Fragment which ensues.

STONE WALLS DO NOT A GREENHOUSE MAKE.

(The scene is the quayside of a fishing village.)

FISHWIFE MRS. HANKS. Cod . . . sardine . . . roach . . .
whelk . . . Well, it all keeps one's technique versatile.

FISHWIFE MRS. BOLD. Sorting . . . filleting . . . trussing . . .
valuing . . . I happen to know that my expertise
has caught the eye of a talent scout from Billingsgate.

A LONGSHOREMAN. I wish I was working on the Mandalay
route again, watching the flying fish play. I
brought a number home for my sister's aviary but
the bustards resented them.

THE MATE OF THE "JOLLY PERCIVAL." We came in with
a freshening breeze and the hold bursting with
shrimps. We paid off the hands and now I am on
the spree, and about to chuck each lass under her
chin. I propose to start on the left-hand side of
the row.

LONGSHOREMAN. I remember once we were whale-hunting
and I was brought up before the Captain with boils.
Quick as lightning lanced fifteen with a harpoon he
had. Man name of Ahab.

Enter a Smuggler

FISHWIFE MRS. HANKS. Have you any silk shawls,
Château-Yquem or Quelques Fleurs?



Stank

"Not at all, old man—only too glad of someone to talk to."

SMUGGLER. We're not that kind of firm, but I can supply you with a complete set of Voltaire, a woodcut of Tom Paine or a model guillotine for the front parlour. [He retreats amidst a hail of haddocks.

Enter ADMIRAL SIR OCCO RIPP

ADMIRAL. Shiver my timbers.

FISHWIFE MRS. HANKS. I don't like to, sir.

ADMIRAL. Don't be so repulsively pert. To-morrow I sail for the Indies.

FISHWIFE MRS. BOLD. East or West?

ADMIRAL. It depends on the prevailing wind. To-day I devote myself to the peaceful pleasures which I love, watching through my spy-glass the oystermen ply their chisels on the foreshore, and blowing the moss-covered organ in the church on the hill.

A BOY. Can I go to sea, sir? Mother has trained me as a powder monkey.

ADMIRAL. What is the weight of an egg that weighs one ounce and half its own weight?

BOY. Three ounces.

ADMIRAL. We'll start you in the ship's stores. You'll need a change of lanyard, a quill pen and a biscuit file. [Exit

LONGSHOREMAN. When I first went a-seafaring I was chained to an oar for eighteen hours a day. The circles of the stormy moon slid westward from the River Plate and a man called Sweeney was stroke; very sociable and popular he was; he used to recite "Gunga Din" at ship's concerts.

Enter LOCAL WRECKERS

CHIEF WRECKER. Sorry to trouble you but we're using this stretch to-night. We shall have to move the pier, and over Dead Man's Rock we're putting up an illuminated sign saying "Welcome to Maddlessea."

FISHWIFE MRS. BOLD. I hope you'll remember me this time. My share from the last haul was a clockwork globe and a book of engravings called *Beauties of Tahiti*, many of them signed.

CHIEF WRECKER. I'll put you down for a keg of something.

MATE OF THE "JOLLY PERCIVAL." All chins being chucked, I'll lead you in song:

"Farewell and adieu, sweet Liverpool ladies,
Spare us a thought and a tear if you can.
Yank away, yank away, heave up the anchor.
Blow, zephyrs, blow.
Hey nonny no.
We are bound for the fair Isle of Man.
Yes, once we can lift
This anchor we'll shift
Away to the fair Isle of Man."

FINIS

o o

Tongue-That-Shakespeare-Spake Corner

"TAKEN UP, WETHER LAMB; near ear stoud, punched far, rud twice across back.—H. Watson, Brown Head, Stape.

LOST, Two Swaledale GIMMER SHEARLINGS; M far horn, twice under-key bit far ear.—E. Metcalfe, Midge Hall, Rosedale."

Advs. in Yorks paper.



"Has anyone seen the war-head of my fountain-pen?"



"The old place hasn't changed a bit from 1917!"

Cairo Leave

THERE is sunshine here in Cairo
 Such as England rarely sees,
 Though its fierce full heat is tempered
 By the balmy winter breeze.
 In the gardens at Gezira
 Rose and antirrhinum smile
 And the gleaming-sailed feluccas
 Sweep superbly up the Nile . . .
 But I'd gladly give the river
 And the flower and the sun
 For a shower of sleet
 In a London street
 Where the old red buses run.

There are new-laid eggs in Cairo
 Every morning without fail;
 There is sugar by the cartload
 And bananas by the bale;
 There are whisky, gin and brandy,
 Ice-cream sundaes by the ton,
 Cigarettes above the counter . . .

But I'd leave them, every one,
 Leave the Auberge, Groppi's,
 Shepherd's—
 Leave the Gimlets at the Club—
 To go in once more
 Through the old swing-door
 For a pint in a London pub.

There is *everything* in Cairo—
 Glamour, luxury, romance:
 All the wiles of ancient Egypt,
 All the *chic* of modern France:
 Black *arbagis* driving motors
 Down the Kasr-el-Nil o' nights,
 See this City of the Pharaohs
 In a blaze of neon lights . . .
 Yet I'd trade the whole of Cairo—
 Mosque and minaret and dome—
 For the friendly bite
 Of a winter night
 In a blacked-out street at Home.



A TALE OF TWO HOUSES

"It is a far, far stranger thing I do than I have ever done . . ."

(With Mr. Punch's compliments to the prospective Earl Lloyd George of Dwyfor.)



"Yes, the real attack comes off next week—this is only a rehearsal for our war artists."

Not So Silly

A Child's Guide to Parliament—IV

WELL, Rich-ard and Iv-y, as I was say-ing, ev-er-y-thing a-bout Parl-ia-ment is thought to be ver-y silly by the peop-le.

For ex-amp-le, man-y are the jests and acc-us-a-tions which are flung a-against Parl-ia-ment-ar-y pro-ced-ure. The peop-le say "What is all this Parl-ia-ment-ar-y pro-ced-ure? Hold-ing things up. Why do you not cut it out and get on and *do* some-thing?"

Yes, but—stop chew-ing, Rich-ard—it is not so simp-le as that. Aft-er all, you must have *rules* a-bout al-most ev-er-y-thing. When you are play-ing crick-et, Rich-ard, not more than one man is all-ow-ed to bowl at the same time. That is Crick-et Pro-ced-ure.

You will, I am sure, a-gree that it is a wise and good rule. Each of the oth-er ten men in the field, it is true, be-lieves sin-cere-ly that if on-ly he were per-mitt-ed to throw a ball at the bats-man he would throw it with much more skill and eff-ect than

the man who is, in fact, en-trust-ed with the task.

Far a-way in the long-field they raise their eye-brows, they heave deep sighs, and make low whist-les to ex-press their sense of frust-rat-ion and con-cern. But supp-ose that all the el-ev-en men were all-ow-ed to throw a ball at the bats-man at the same time, you must see that great dis-ord-er would re-sult: and though it is like-ly that the bats-man would soon be got out (and ev-en knock-ed out), no-bod-y would ev-er know wheth-er he was a good bats-man or not.

Well, that rule, now I come to think of it, is the ba-sis of all Parl-ia-ment-ar-y pro-ced-ure. All may speak in turn; but on-ly one man may speak at a time.

And he may on-ly speak a-bout one thing at a time. Some-times you hear your dad-dy say "I wond-er our Mem-ber does not speak more a-bout the short-age of oyst-ers or the in-crease

of burg-lar-y." But you can-not talk a-bout oyst-ers or burg-lar-y when the sub-ject fix-ed for de-bate is coal-mines or foot-and-mouth dis-ease. Just as you can-not play crick-et and hock-ey at the same time.

A-gain, I have heard your dad-dy say "I wond-er our Mem-ber did not speak yest-er-day when they were de-bat-ing a-bout the Bett-er World." He litt-le knows how hard his Mem-ber tried. You must re-memb-er that there are six hun-dred and fift-een Memb-ers. Near-ly all these, nat-ur-all-y, think that they have some-thing worth say-ing a-bout the Bett-er World, but in an-y one day there is on-ly time for a-bout twent-y Memb-ers to speak. So it is quite ab-surd to think that an-y man can pop up at an-y mo-ment and talk a-bout an-y-thing he likes, though if he waits pat-ient-ly the opp-ort-u-ni-ty will come soon-er or lat-er, esp-ec-ial-ly if it is the Bett-er World.

As a matt-er of fact, your dad-dy's Memb-er spent sev-er-al days pre-par-ing a speech a-bout the Bett-er World with all sorts of un-ans-wer-able stat-ist-ics and e-lo-quent phras-es—What are stat-ist-ics, Iv-y? They are fig-u-res in fan-cy dress—Well, he gave his name to the Speak-er and look-ed for-ward to e-lect-ri-fy-ing both Parl-i-a-ment and peop-le. All day from e-lev-en in the morn-ing till half-past-six in the ev-en-ing he sat in his place; and when-ev-er a Memb-er sat down he stood up, with a-bout thir-ty oth-er Memb-ers, and look-ed at the Speak-er, hop-ing to "catch his eye". But he nev-er caught the Speak-er's eye. Ev-er-y time the Speak-er call-ed on some-one else, and your dad-dy's Memb-er had to sit down a-gain. This is called "bump-ing". It is ver-y ex-haust-ing. All day he did not have an-y-thing to eat or drink. By the end of the day he did not care ver-y much wheth-er there was a Bett-er World or not. This will show you how the poli-tic-ian suff-ers. But such mis-fort-unes are cheer-ful-ly acc-cept-ed.

For, as a rule, he has the com-fort-ing re-flect-ion that ev-er-y-thing he was go-ing to say was said four times by oth-er peop-le, and so there is just as like-ly to be a Bett-er World as if he had spok-en. It is a sort of team-work, you see, like crick-et, Rich-ard. It does not matt-er who bowls as long as some-one gets the brutes out.

An-oth-er thing, Rich-ard. The Memb-ers must be po-lite to each oth-er. At least, they must be form-al-ly po-lite. You must nev-er re-fer to an-oth-er Memb-er by his name. You must say "The Hon-our-ab-le Mem-ber for West Bur-ble-ton." Some peop-le think this is ver-y sill-y, and a waste of time. But it is not so sill-y. It is all part of the bus-i-ness of pre-serv-ing ord-er, and with-out ord-er you can-not get an-y-thing done. You see, when tem-p-ers rise, a litt-le re-mark like "Mis-ter Smith is a li-ar" slips out ver-y eas-i-ly. But in Parl-i-a-ment that is not all-ow-ed. First, you must re-mem-ber which is Mis-ter Smith's con-stit-u-enc-y. Is it West Bur-ble-ton? Or Bur-ble-ton Bor-oughs? Or Clack-mann-an and Ross? Or what? Then you must re-mem-ber wheth-er Mis-ter Smith is a law-yer or a sol-dier or sail-or. For all Memb-ers are Hon-our-ab-le: but law-yers are Learn-ed as well, and peop-le in the Forces are Gall-ant. Now you have an i-de-a at the back of your head that Mis-ter Smith was some sort of a maj-or at the be-ginn-ing of the war: so to be on the safe side you give him a Gall-ant.

You must not say that he is a li-ar, for that is one of the un-Parl-i-a-ment-ar-y or for-bidd-en words. But you may say that he is mis-tak-en or mis-in-form-ed or char-act-er-ist-i-cal-ly in-acc-ur-ate. Or you may say "The Hon-our-ab-le and Gall-ant Memb-er for the Hinch-in Div-is-ion of Old-cast-le is, I am sure with-out int-en-tion, mis-lead-ing the House." Well, by the time you have sort-ed out these prob-lem-s and got all those words off your chest the fire, or some of it, has gone out of you. What is more, you have not said an-y-thing the oth-er fell-ow can ob-ject to: where-as if you had said "Mis-ter Smith is a li-ar" he would prob-ab-ly step across the Floor and catch you a clip on the jaw. Not that that would matt-er much: but it would hold up and de-lay the bus-i-ness of the House.

It is a ques-tion for the Speak-er what kinds of a-buse are prop-er or "Parl-i-a-ment-ar-y." He is guid-ed, to some ex-tent, by the rul-ings of the past; but of course the fash-ion chang-es, here as else-where. In the past the foll-ow-ing ex-press-ions have been rul-ed im-prop-er: "dodge"—"fact-i-ous opp-o-sit-ion"—"hyp-o-crit-i-cal lov-ers of lib-ert-y"—"vill-ains"—"im-pert-i-nence"—"gross cal-umn-y"—"ruff-i-an-ism"—"wind-bag"—"phar-i-see"—"sland-er-er"—"murd-er-er"—"hoo-li-gan"—

"black-guard"—"shabb-y"—"dirt-y tricks"—"crim-in-al"—"dis-grace-ful"—"de-lib-er-ate-ly rais-ing a false iss-ue." Well, they say that we are not so tough as our fath-ers, Rich-ard, but you will see at once how un-des-ir-a-ble it would be if we im-it-at-ed our fath-ers—though your Un-cle Hadd-ock must ad-mit that he *has* heard one or two of these bad ex-press-ions us-ed rec-ent-ly, with not much troub-le to an-y-one.

But the prin-ci-ple re-mains. Words—not swords. If a Memb-er is call-ed to ord-er for an im-prop-er at-tack up-on an-oth-er, he must with-draw or ap-ol-o-gize, and the oth-er Memb-er must say that he is sat-is-fied. If not, they can both be shut up in the Clock Tow-er, or some-where, till they do. For oth-er-wise they may go out and have a batt-le else-where. Which would not be good for the name of Parl-i-a-ment. There are not man-y in-sti-tu-tions which take such wise pre-cau-tions. Most pubs and inst-i-tu-tions do not care how much their memb-ers fight so long as they do not fight on the prem-is-es. But that is what is call-ed a prett-y short-term view-point.

A. P. H.

Phew!

"R.A.F. GET DAM NEAR NIJMEGEN"
Heading in Yorks paper.



"Why the deuce can't you have a number like other people?"

Leaving Early

THERE are units—I know, because I was brought up in one—where a junior officer who wishes to leave early merely says to another junior officer, “I say, I’m leaving early; d’you mind coping?”—and leaves.

Now that I am a junior Staff Officer I find that the arrangements are different. I took the matter up with Major Perilmead as early after my arrival as I decently could. (It gives an undesirable impression if a new man turns up on a Monday and starts making inquiries about time off on the Tuesday. I left the topic quite alone until the Friday.)

Major Perilmead said “Well, the hours are longish of course at a Headquarters, but that’s taken fully into consideration. If you’ve anything special on, there’ll never be any trouble about your getting away. Just mention it to me.”

“Thanks very much,” I said.

“It goes without saying,” he added, “that you will ask the Brigadier. Although you really come under me, you see, your job is really tantamount to being his personal Staff Officer. I mean, if he rings for you and nothing happens, he naturally wonders why.”

“Naturally.”

“And if the Colonel has to tell him you’ve left early he may feel as if he hasn’t been kept in the picture.”

“Yes. Er—the Colonel, I take it, will—”

“Oh, of course the Colonel would have to be told. You must appreciate that as the second in command he has to have his finger on the pulse.”

“Oh, quite,” I said. “So all I have to do—”

“Just let us know you’re going,” said the Major, opening a file and frowning hard—“there’ll never be any trouble. Right-ho.”

“Thanks very much. I hope you didn’t mind—”

“Oh—and it would be as well to tell Captain Malcolm,” said the Major, throwing the file aside and opening another one—“bit awkward for him, otherwise. Right-ho.”

“Right-ho,” I said.

I allowed a proper interval to elapse before taking any further action in the matter (as Staff Officers say). It was early last week that I got to work. I decided to start on the Brigadier and work downwards.

“What’s all this?” he said, when I took the morning letters in. “Letters, eh? What’s in ‘em, eh? Lot of

rubbish, I expect, what? Well, what are you waiting for?”

“Excuse me, sir—I was going to—”

“What’s happened about that thing of Who-is-it’s?”

“I’m afraid I—”

“Get me the Army List.”

When I got back with the Army List he was telephoning somebody and making a lot of notes on the margin of the *London Gazette*. The morning sped by. I was in and out of his room six times before twelve o’clock. There was no lull in the conversation sufficiently long for me to broach an entirely personal subject. Once or twice I said to myself that a couple more seconds would do it, but each time I was beaten by a mere tick of the clock. The last time we actually began speaking simultaneously, but I felt it my place to give way.

While he was at lunch I decided on a bold line. I slipped a note into his “IN” tray, saying, “Sir: Unless you have any objection I should like to leave at 1730 hours to-day. J. Braithwaite, Lt.”

At half-past two I collected it from his “OUT” tray. It had “No” written across it in green pencil. I cursed myself for the way I had phrased my brief minute. I had better have a talk with Major Perilmead, who understood the workings of the Brigadier’s mind. I telephoned Lieutenant Flashing and asked him to come down and mind my telephone and bells while I went along to see the Major.

“I was wondering,” I said to the Major—I thought this the best way to go about it—“I was wondering if I could leave early to-night?”

“What’s that?” he said, not looking up.

“Is it agreeable to you,” I said, “if I get away early to-night?”

“Good Lord, yes,” he said, looking at his watch without seeing it—“perfectly all right. You carry on. I take it the Brigadier’s agreed; he’s in the picture, I mean?”

“Well,” I said—“he’s in the picture, all right, but it’s hard to tell what—er—expression he’s wearing, so to speak.” And I showed him the correspondence between the Brigadier and myself.

“That seems to be all right, Braithwaite. ‘No,’ he says—‘No,’ meaning he has no objection.”

“You think that’s what he means.”

“Absolutely. Not a shadow of doubt.”

“Good,” I said with relief.

“Unless of course he means ‘No, you can’t leave at 1730 hours,’” said the Major, hurling a whole stack of files on to the top of the safe—“you’d better ask him; it’s as well to be sure.”

“Right-ho,” I said faintly.

“Right-ho.”

It was about this time that I began to consult my watch frequently. If I was to get to the theatre before the curtain went up at the ludicrous hour of ten minutes past six, half-past five must be my positive zero hour for leaving. I entered the Brigadier’s room at a respectful run.

“Ask the Colonel to step in,” said the Brigadier.

“Have you any objection if I leave at half-past five, sir?” I said, in a voice I had never heard before.

“What’s that?”

“Have you any objection if—”

“No, I haven’t any confounded objection. Where’s the Colonel? I’ve put it in writing, dammit, all over a bit of fiddling paper, clear as daylight, no objection at all. Clear out now, if you like. Doesn’t make any difference to me whether you ever come in at all. Where are those conference notes about the other thing? You know, about the What’s-its-name. Where’s the Colonel?”

I knocked on the Colonel’s door.

“Excuse me, sir,” I said.

“Don’t bother me now,” said the Colonel, who was sitting in his shirt-sleeves writing a long minute in a huge, slow hand.

“The Brigadier would like to see you, sir.”

“Oh,” said the Colonel, and left the room at once, putting on his tunic. Lieutenant Flashing was getting restive when I got back to my room. “I say, look here,” he said—“I’ve got some work of my own to do.”

I said I was sorry, but I was trying to get something buttoned up for the Brigadier; would he mind hanging on for just another minute while I went to see Captain Malcolm? He said he supposed so.

When I told Malcolm the purpose of my visit he said, “Good heavens, old boy, why ask me?”

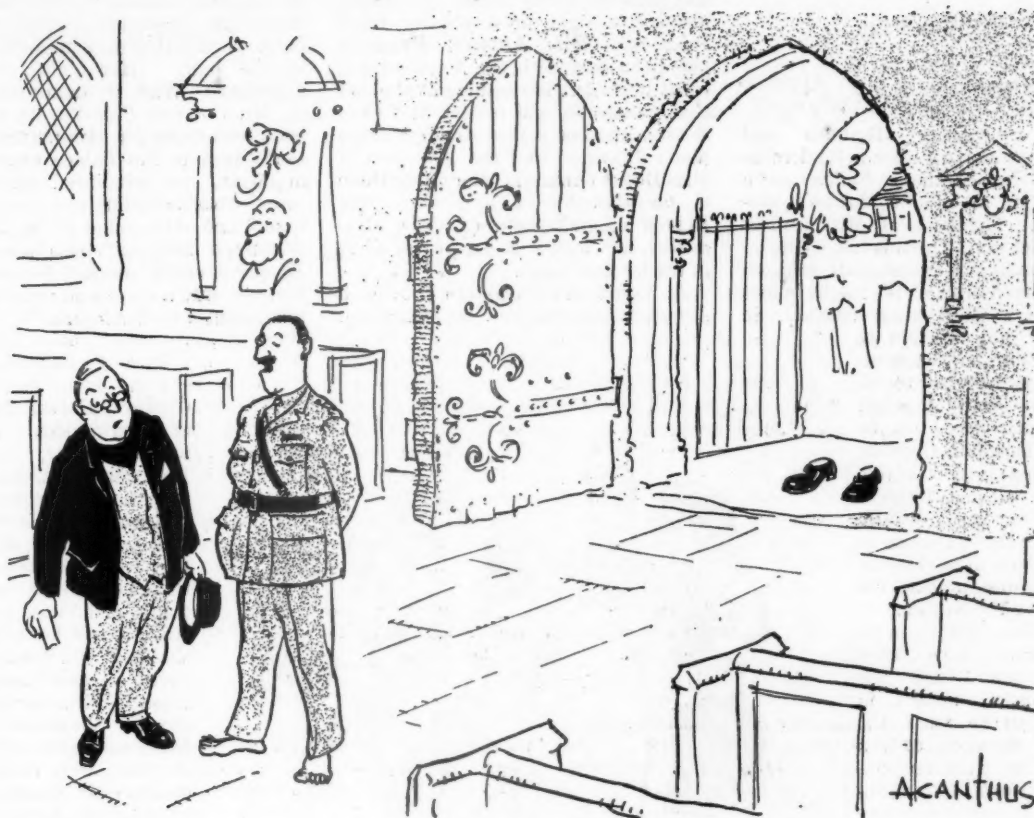
“The Major told me to.”

“Does he say it’s all right for you to go?”

“Well, yes, but—”

“But what?”

“But he didn’t actually say so, because he wasn’t sure, then, that the



"The mosques in particular interested me enormously."

Brigadier would say so. But now that the Brigadier said so—I eased my collar slightly—"I've no doubt he'll say so."

"So you say," said Malcolm. "Well, if you like to let me know when the Major says he agrees, then I'll agree like a shot, old boy. I suppose you've asked the Colonel?"

"Well," I said—"I—"

Lieutenant Flashing came running. The Brigadier was ringing for me. I threw a "Thanks" over my shoulder, to be shared between the pair of them, but I think it got carried away in my slip-stream.

As I ricocheted into the Brigadier's room his clock struck five.

"Thought you were going early," he said.

"Yes, sir," I said—"but—"

"I want all the papers on that sergeant in Scotland," he said—"the one who took the thingummy out of the C.O.'s quarters. Have a good time."

"Thank you, sir," I said.

It took the Orderly Room twenty minutes to get the papers on the thingummy. "Haven't you gone yet?" said the Brigadier, as I finally slapped them on his desk. "Not yet, sir," I said, running out.

"Leave early?" said the Colonel, completing his huge, slow signature with a ridiculous number of curls and lines and dots. "What time do you want to go?"

"Half-past five, sir."

"It's half-past five now," he said. "Goin' to see a show?"

"Yes, sir."

"What show are you goin' to see?"

I told him. He said he had seen it. It was not as good as another show he had seen, whose name he could not call to mind. I tried to call it to mind for him. He told me who was in it, but he could not remember their names. I tried to remember them for him. He had had good seats, but couldn't remember what they had cost him. I tried to remember the cost for him.

My hand was leaving a damp mark on the edge of his door.

"... so of course," he was saying, at five minutes to six by his small desk-clock, "we had to go to the Trocadero in the end, and, funnily enough, we had a waiter who looked exactly like that feller in the films—"

"Charles Boyer?" I said.

"No, no," said the Colonel.

"George Sanders?"

"No, no . . ."

We never did find out, though we both racked our brains mercilessly.

"Well," he said jocularly, at ten minutes past six—"have a good time. Don't be late in the morning."

I wiped the door furtively and left the room.

* * * * *

But what annoys me most, every time I try, is not so much the fact that I never leave early, as that the Brigadier and the Colonel and Perilmead and Malcolm all say, as soon as I open my mouth, "*But you left early last night!*"

J. B. B.

At the Play

"THE GLASS SLIPPER" (ST. JAMES'S)
"GOODY TWO SHOES" (COLISEUM)

FOR a change, HERBERT and ELEANOR FARJEON offer a Cinderella-in-porcelain. Neither a *Buttons* nor a *Dandini* is in the St. James's programme. The Brokers' Men are out of the picture. There is not a hint of the normal smash-and-grab raid on the Cinderella fable. We might in fact call this a Restoration comedy: in reviving the old tale so affectionately the FARJEONS have done service to all who feel that Perrault and Panto need not be inseparable allies. Children whose first love is a red, red nose will find the right sort of frolic at the Winter Garden. Those curious to see Perrault in a pictorial edition quite undistorted can choose the St. James's.

The *Glass Slipper* is an adventurous piece. How does a new "fairy tale with music" appeal in these days to what the Royal Institution calls a juvenile auditory—children used to pantomimes as broad as they are long, and to the loved incongruities of Boy and Dame, ballad and buffoon? The cheering answer is that it appeals very much, though in revival Mr. ROBERT DONAT (who presents it) and Mr. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG (who produces) may decide to shorten the last Harlequinade by the Ballet Rambert. Certainly the play makes a swan-like end, fading in music, but we want more of *Cinderella* and her *Prince*, who are unkindly shelved, and rather less of *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, and their expert troupe.

The play proper is a gentle fantasy. The FARJEONS' *Cinderella*, on good terms with her much-married father and with the kitchen furniture—*Clock*, *Tap*, *Fire*, *Chair*, and *Broom* are all enchantingly vocal—is, as usual, the kick-about of stepmother and step-sisters. She could be sugared and spiced beyond endurance; but the FARJEONS have allowed her a childlike gaiety and truth. Thus at the Palace she looks first for dust under the throne, heads a follow-my-leader dance, disperses the guests in hide-and-seek,

and behaves wildly unlike the official idea of a right-down regular royal Princess. Miss AUDREY HESKETH plays the part with the May-morning spirit it needs. We assume at the end that *Cinderella* will pardon the *Ugly Sisters*, another saucy *Arethusa* (Miss MEGS JENKINS) and the *Araminta* of Miss DORIS GILMORE. Mercifully there is no thought of appeasing Miss ELLIOT MASON's she-dragon of a *Step-mother*, left locked (we hope for ever) in the kitchen bunk.

At Court the FARJEONS provide a *Zany* (charmingly done by Miss LULU

St. James's version of the pumpkin coach, the *Princess of Nowhere* arrives for a paradisaical ninety minutes or so at the ball. (Here, alas, time is galloping.) With its dexterous score by Mr. CLIFTON PARKER, its picture-book settings by Mr. HUGH STEVENSON—the best is the Palace exterior at midnight, rosy-windowed above the snow—and, according to a programme note, "one of the jokes by Mr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES," this new *Glass Slipper* is surely marked for survival. It needs only a quickening in pace and less homage to *Harlequin*.



OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW TRIMMINGS

The Prince. MR. ERIC MICKLEWOOD
Cinderella MISS AUDREY HESKETH

DUKES) and a rhyming dictionary of a *Herald* who, as Mr. GEOFFREY DUNN presents him, is a sustained fanfare. He cares for the dignity of the Palace where King and Queen are the merest shadows, as jealously as Beau Nash guarded the conventions of Bath. The *Prince* (Mr. ERIC MICKLEWOOD), far from being a thigh-slapping gallant, has a most frigid reserve in his dealings with the *Marquise of Cinnamon*, the *Baroness of Allspice*, the *Archduchess of Cochineal*, the *Viscountess of Cloves*, the *Margravine of Mace*, and others of the inner circle. But he melts—as who, indeed, would not?—when, thanks to her matter-of-fact *Fairy Godmother* (Miss GABRIELLE DAYE) and to a

The FARJEONS this season have joined the Gentle Craft, the company of cordiners. So, it would appear, has Mr. EMILE LITTLER, though his Coliseum production is quite another pair of shoes. This pantomime, filling its huge stage for more than three hours, is exuberantly traditional. A research student will learn from it that the "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe" had thirty-three children at the last census. She makes a nice Dame part for Mr. RICHARD HEARNE who once more dances his one-man (or one-woman) Lancers, and who, afloat in the school-room on an ocean of paste, joins in a slap-dash, slish-slosh papering scene with that good-tempered pair, NAUGHTON and GOLD, now oddly described as Town Councillors and undoubtedly twin lamps of the Entertainments Committee. No amount of research will discover in the books the myth, or even the name, of the current Lord of Mis-

rule, *Lord Gorgeous Glamour*. Still, at the Coliseum in the substantial person of Mr. FRED EMNEY, monocle and cigar permanently-glued, "he above the rest, In shape and gesture proudly eminent, Stands like a tower." The Principal Boy (Miss PAT KIRKWOOD) is a noble fellow with only an occasional eccentricity. At one point during his Scottish quest for the Yellow Dwarf and the stolen magic shoes—the plot, you will gather, foots it fealty here and there—he becomes a monarch of the glens, choosing to sing "Annie Laurie" (and doing it very well) in the comforting presence of a hundred pipers and a' and a' and a vast gathering of the clans. J. C. T.

Secret Weapon

THEY burst without warning, no siren
Bewails the disastrous occasion;
You've had it!—you haven't an earthly
Of active (or passive) evasion.

They strike with uncanny precision
When life's at its feeblest—of all hours
The darkest and coldest and grimmest,
In the still, imperturbable small hours.

They're bursting all over the country—
There's scarcely a threshold I step on
That hasn't been torn from its slumbers
Because of this sinister weapon.

Oh, this is no rumour, no story,
It's a truth there's no possible dodging;
We've had "incidents" here, in fact several,
In the house where I chance to be lodging.

One thought, as I switch off the bed lamp,
Unpleasantly sticks in my throttle:
It may burst to-night like a depth-charge,
My old rubber hot-water bottle.

Notice to Scholars

LAST year's pantomime caused a lot of bother with children who did not belong to our Sunday School coming to help us out and helping themselves to everything that was not fastened down besides unscrewing everything that was, and Mr. Tingle says if it happens this year the damage will have to be taken out of the surprise packets after the children's treat. Those who are new to the fold are therefore asked not to crease the certificates of merit on the walls by making aeroplanes out of them and then putting them back upside down. The spare forms up in the loft over the vestibule are only to be got down when really needed, and Mr. Tingle says it would be a good thing if they were needed more on Sundays and not just when something interesting is going off, and when done with they are not to be left some in dangerous positions overhanging the entrance and some

walked off with. Boys with pen-knives wrote such havoc on the walls as to draw complaints from the inmates of the old men's shelter next door about having their slumbers cut into. We know our walls can do with doing up, but that does not mean they have to be done in.

Mr. Tingle is fed up with Mr. Blood our willing ambulance man coming and saying he is sick of scholars having to have splinters removed because they have not been taught better than propping forms up to slide down, and he says what are banisters for. There is also no need for the boys to move the dust-bins from where they are in the porch and leave them in the wrong room on the wrong corridor the wrong

way up, as we do not bring them in for trimming up for the lucky dip till two days before the treat.

If more children get electrocuted this year through meddling with the mains than last year and leaving us in the dark thereby, Mr. Tingle will consider his resignation in the light of it.

J. TINGLE,
Superintendent.

De Minimis—

"On every single point," I said,
"You Yankees and ourselves agree—
On every one, from A to Z."
He answered "No. From A to Z."



"Hello, Daddy! I've drove Mummy dotty!"



"Well, could I see Mr. Sampersand?"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Maxim Litvinoff

No one in search of biographical masterpieces would pick up with a quickening pulse an account of a living politician written by a personal friend and admirer. For a careful reader, however, there is no biography which does not admit some reality into its pages, and Dr. ARTHUR UPHAM POPE's *Maxim Litvinoff* (SECKER AND WARBURG, 18/-) is no exception to this rule. Litvinoff's parents were devout Jews, but after what Dr. POPE calls "a passing phase of idealism" the youthful Litvinoff began to gravitate towards revolutionary politics, became acquainted with Lenin, and after Lenin's triumph in 1917 was appointed the first Soviet Ambassador to the Court of St. James. The patience, subtlety and tenacity with which Litvinoff laboured to establish friendly relations between Russia and the rest of the world, and his subsequent attempts to galvanize the League of Nations into effective action against Hitler, are vividly and convincingly illustrated by Dr. POPE, who justly compares Litvinoff with his favourite statesman in the past, Talleyrand—a comparison somewhat blurred by a later reference to Litvinoff's "intense ethical idealism." On politicians outside Russia Dr. POPE turns a coldly appraising eye, but when he looks at Russia he discerns in her councils, at any rate after the liquidation in 1936 and 1937 of numerous generals, ambassadors, ministers and most of the Bolshevik Old Guard, a blend of wisdom, firmness and zeal for the common good which makes the reluctance of England and America to enlist her aid against Hitler seem to him even more imbecile than criminal. During this liquidation, Dr. POPE tells us, Litvinoff lost almost his entire staff; and it may well be that there were

moments when what Dr. POPE calls his "passion for the welfare of humanity" yielded pride of place to concern for his own. However, he survived what has since been recognized as a necessary counter-measure against German infiltration, just as a little later he survived the Russian-German pact. It would be interesting to know Litvinoff's private reflections on these and other critical occasions, but he can hardly be blamed for having so far refrained from communicating them to the world. If, like Pepys, he has kept a diary in cipher, posterity may come nearer to him than Dr. POPE takes us, even when he tells us that Litvinoff finds satisfactory relaxation in the cinema, is married to a lady who is keenly interested in Basic English, enjoys a rare intimacy with his children, and gets a continuous laugh out of life.

H. K.

Cloistered Virtue

Able and honest, with a becoming bias of personal affection, Mr. EDWARD THOMPSON's critical study of *Robert Bridges* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 7/6) does its best for a poet whose "acceptance of things as Eton and Oxford like to have them" was his prime intellectual weakness. It is not, perhaps, sufficiently perceived how impoverishing this weakness was; and how lack of more vulgar and more exalted contacts left Bridges without the matter, human and divine, which Milton would have called "the main consistence of a true poem." One cannot therefore join Mr. THOMPSON in rating Bridges above such contemporaries as Hardy and Hopkins and "possibly" Yeats. His incessant and often highly-rewarded striving after newer and more perfect techniques was largely necessitated—as it so often is—by lack of inspiration. His religion, as evinced by *The Yattendon Hymnal*, held little to offend or delight. His political mind was remarkable for its "poverty and complacency." He wrote unactable plays and seldom entered a theatre. "The inexhaustible satisfaction of form" was enough for him. Yet *The Testament of Beauty*, published in his eighty-sixth year, explained, justified and almost humanized its author's unique devotion, a devotion which ended by introducing him—in his own admirable words—to "the unexplored necessities of Life and Love."

H. P. E.

Two New Poets

Miss LYNETTE ROBERTS is one of the leaders of the Welsh school of poets, and in a recently-published pamphlet has spoken of the "persons of astute and singular purpose" who will restore the ancient Welsh writers to their proper place. This is the keynote of her *Poems* (FABER, 6/-). How good her "attempt to apply the strict form of the Welsh englyn to the English language" is, only a Welshman can judge, but it is safe to say that her sapphics do not turn out much like sapphics. In fact, verse construction is not really Miss ROBERTS's strong point—nor is the comfortless Welsh influence, typified by the opening "Poem from Llanybri," in which the visitor is offered a handful of rock cress, garlic which will give him "a breath you can swank," and a tramp to Cymceilyn in "thick shoes for it's treacherous the fen." Whatever her original sources are, this "Welshness" sounds like an echo of Dylan Thomas—and the average poetry-reader is tired of the "well-placed" adjective—"antiseptic grass"—and so sick of phrases like "man of bone," "waist of night," "fox of dust," etc., that he has come to be mistrustful even of "song of sixpence." The gift Miss ROBERTS has, in common with some other women poets of to-day, is the evoking of a place and its small household things, bread baking, hens scratching, socks hanging up to dry, and

behind them the fold of the perpetual hills. When she remembers this, as she does in "Rhode Island Red" or "The Shadow Remains," you are face to face with the living poet.

JAMES MONAHAN is a serving officer and the soldier's themes, achingly familiar, recur in his *Far From the Land* (MACMILLAN, 4/-): separation, loss, the sights and sounds of home—"I am made of them, deeper than words and words can never say." One or two of his subjects—for example, newsreels, Red Cross collections and street scenes in the blitz—seem to make good journalism rather than good poems. His best lyrics, beautiful with their clear, chiming echoes, are on the holiness of the heart and its affections. "Rhyme for Holy Saturday" is perfect in its kind, and here is the last verse from "Ramatuëlle," the little village where the "smell of peach and dirt and dust and garlic" brews in perpetual sun.

"Perpetual! Ah, no, now all dissolved
and broken like a spell—
a cloudless noon of one Provençal day:
that was Ramatuëlle."

P. M. F.

Home Notes from Sussex

An oasis, one feels, is most suitably approached through a desert; and a collection of oases divorced from their setting of aridity fails to provide that thrill of contrast which is part of the zest of exploration. This is the trouble with the fifty little articles contributed by "JULIAN" to an ecclesiastical weekly. One can well believe—indeed "JULIAN'S" readers have said so—that these pleasant gleanings from Sussex field and home pleased their public; that their snippets of folk-lore, bird-life, flower-painting and pithy country sayings came as a welcome change to the more parochial chronicles of the Christian year; and that their reappearance as *Faggots* (MILES, 7/6) will be welcomed. But for a writer with "JULIAN'S" standpoint, this is not enough. Heaven and home are beleaguered citadels nowadays; and the woman who wishes to see them through their siege-days must pull more weight than "JULIAN." The test, perhaps, for all these sheltered essays in Christianity is how they would hold their own—whether as literature, education or entertainment—in the ordinary market. To put "JULIAN'S" kind little book to so ruthless a proof is to break a butterfly on a wheel; but an age that is all wheels is hardly an age for butterflies.

H. P. E.

A Vanished World

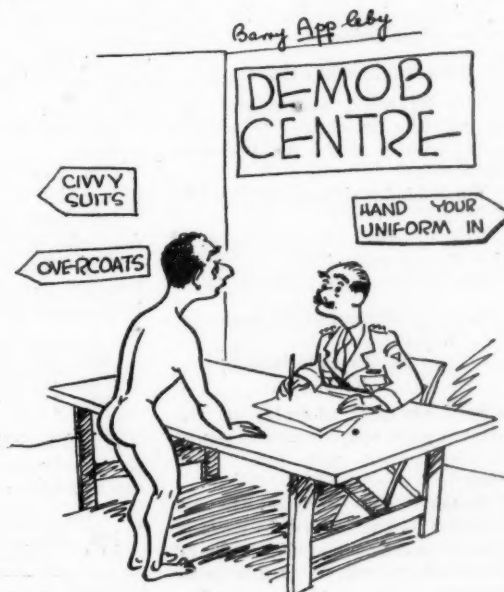
More Men and Mice (HUTCHINSON, 10/6), a second instalment of Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE's reminiscences, rambles along in a pleasant planless way, affording many glimpses of things and persons belonging to a vanished world. There is an account of a trip up the Rhine taken by the author in the eighteen-seventies, probably a summer or two before the trip recorded in Mark Twain's *Tramp Abroad*, which appeared in 1880. There is a picture of Robert Browning, who lived two doors from the author, "going off of a morning in a tall hat and frock coat with a rolled umbrella and a jaunty walk. I don't know where he'd be going to but he didn't look as though he were going to write poetry." There is an eye-witness's account of the Loch Ness monster in 1895, and the comment of a native standing near-by—"Och! it will be just the monster." There is a meeting between the author and an amateur photographer who possessed the negatives used to take the Cottingley Beck fairies. "I had seen the pictures in the *Strand Magazine*," says Mr. DE VERE STACPOOLE, "but

the negatives . . . were more striking. Here indeed were fairies." There is a violent explosion against "that damned moron, Charles Baudelaire," and there is a glimpse of Mr. DE VERE STACPOOLE watering the grave of Baudelaire's elegist, "Algernon Charles, whose little rose-tree often gets a sprinkling from me when I am watering the flowers on my wife's grave, which is almost next to his." H. K.

English Law

This last addition to the Home University Library—*English Courts of Law*, by H. G. HANBURY, D.C.L. (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 3/6)—is more than worthy of the series. In these days of large, expensive and ill-printed books this little pocket volume excellently printed is a pleasant discovery. It is packed with legal and historical learning; but the author observes the Horatian maxim "*Doctores pueri dant crustula blandi*," and there is plenty of wit and humour, e.g., "Henry II built the walls of the Curia Regis with imperishable stone; Edward I, while preserving and strengthening its fabric, began to let out the building in flats." It is also amusing to note how the different Courts fought each other for fees and jurisdiction quite in the manner of modern Government departments. The author is of course principally occupied with the past, but the closing chapters on the "quasi-judicial tribunal" and "barristers and solicitors" are quite up-to-date, although the statement that the division of the profession is peculiar to England is about the only incorrect statement to be found in the book. The division exists in Scotland and Ireland, India, and most European countries. The lay reader will perhaps be more impressed than the lawyer by the concluding sentence about English law—"Sometimes dilatory in method, sometimes bewildering in its wealth of detail, it is a champion in whom the utmost confidence is felt in the hearts of all; the blow of its arm is unerring, the stoutness of its shield is sure." Experience of litigation and ill-drafted statutes rather takes the gilt off the gingerbread.

E. S. P. H.



"I've decided to take the money instead."

A Matter of Courses

1. A series of courses will shortly be held at the Army School of Phraseology for officers desirous of appointment to Phraseology Sections.

2. These courses are designed to train officers primarily for appointment as Staff Phraseologist Grade III and Field Phraseologist Grade II.

3. On completion of the course officers will be attached in the first instance, to the Phraseology Pool (Static) and continue to wear their own regimental designations. Thereafter they will be posted to M.F.P.S. (Mobile Field Phraseology Sections).

4. The course will be for 10½ days' duration and is intended to train officers in the tactical and tactful use of the following:

- (a) Verbosity
- (b) Statements, plain
- (c) Statements, coloured
- (d) Words, ambiguous
- (e) Phrases, misleading
- (f) Metaphors, mixed
- (g) Generalizations, broad
- (h) Views, narrow, poor, dim, etc.

In addition some practice will be given in the setting-up in the field of a Standpoint, official, and the organization and running of a Punctuation Producing Centre.

5. Officers will be nominated by units, and vacancies will only be surrendered unconditionally.

6. Joining instructions for the course are given below.

JOINING INSTRUCTIONS

(1) The following instructions are issued for the guidance of officers attending courses at the Army School of Phraseology.

(2) The School is situated at Brychl, North Wales.

(3) The nearest railway station is Brychl Bridge (8½ miles).

(4) The correct postal address is:

The Army School of Phraseology,
Brychl,
Nr. Brychl Bridge,
N. Wales.

(5) Students will assemble on the first day of each course and will report to the Adjutant not later than 0900 hrs.

(6) Nominal rolls in triplicate will be rendered to the School 18 days in advance of the course, showing students' war substantive rank, religion, number and gender.

(7) Students will bring camp kit, sports kit, washing kit, two suits of

battle dress, towels, King's Regulations, cigarette ration, map case, protractor, prismatic compass (in case), respirator (just in case) and tools, entrenching (to be called a spade).

(8) No dogs will be brought to the School.

(9) Officers need not be in possession of any particular vocabulary, but should have been trained in the use of artificial smoke screens (verbal).

(10) English, King's, Fowler will not be brought into the School.

(11) Sport: facilities exist for Parthian shots, line shooting, coursing and swimming in the Phraseology Pool.

(12) Officers will work in syndicates of six; officers working on clichés will work in cliques.

(13) For the first three days of the course students will be taken under the Metaphorical Wing. Any overflow will go into the Pool (see para 11).

(14) At the conclusion of the Course officers will be graded as follows:

- A Distinguished
- B Passed the Course
- C Passed the Buck
- D Failed

Any officer who manages to pass unnoticed may be deemed to have passed.

(15) Batmen will be provided by the School on a basis (working) of one per nineteen officers.

(16) Cheques will not be cashed at the School, and students are advised in their own interests (taxable) to make arrangements with the local bank.

(17) Claims in respect of journeys will not be met by the School; nor will trains.

(18) No allowances will be made or issued.

(19) Any officer who wishes to report sick will report sick (*sic*).

(20) Inter-Allied courses will be held, *inter alia*, at a later date.

(21) Officers should have studied the training pamphlet "Phrases of War" before arrival, with particular reference to:

- Sec. II. "Phases of Phrases"
- Sec. III. "Staff Phrase"
- Sec. IV. "Battle Affrays"

(22) The following previous instructions and amendments notified therein are hereby cancelled:

Nos.: 2, 26, 39, 48, 63, 80, 124, 136, 199, 251, 421, 422, 424, 424.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Our Open Forum

V—What About Controls?

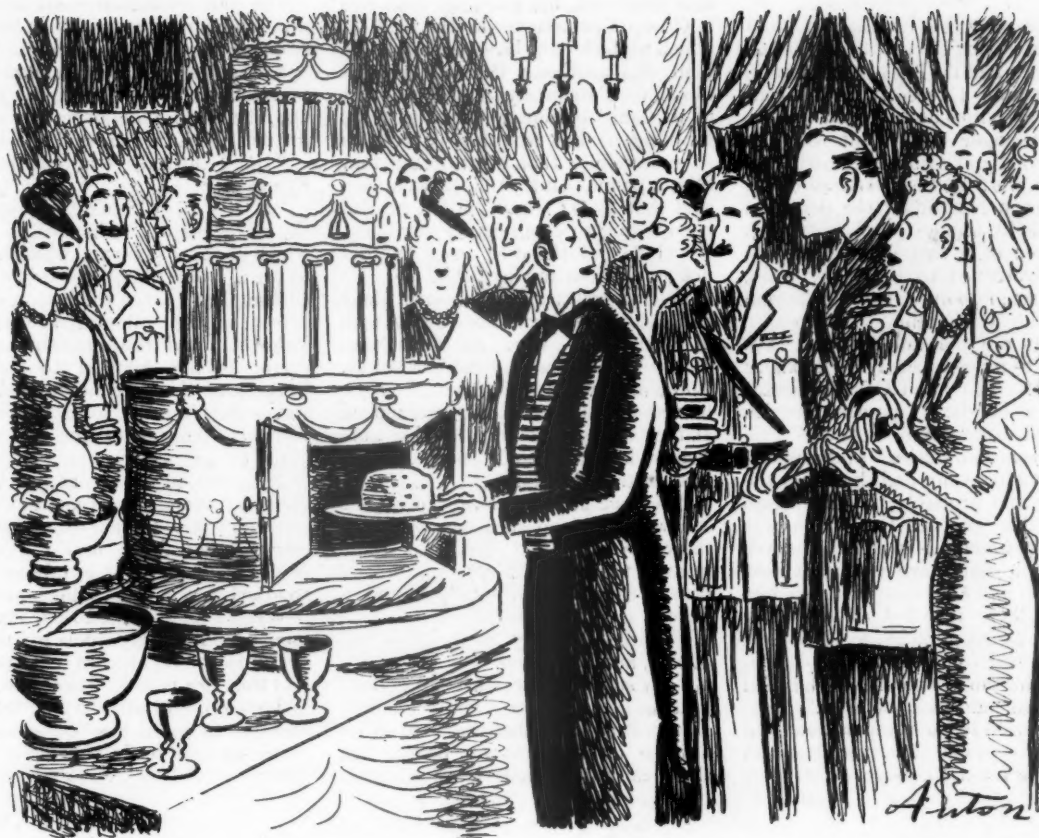
Mr. George C. Crobar, who makes this special contribution to our series of talks on Reconstruction, has been aptly described as an old head on young but sloping shoulders. Forty-four, an admirable mimic and very punctual, he has had a chequered career. He has been tinker's mate, tailor's apprentice, professional soldier and merchant sailor. In 1935 he sat with the Rudge Committee on Policewomen. He has held office as secretary of Bexhill Wednesday F.C., and as vice-captain of industry. His publication "The Franco-British Alliance" sold well, for some reason or other, in Spain, of all places.

MY friends, I can find nothing more appropriate with which to open my address than the words of the Minister of War Production—"We want the Government to be a governor, not a governess." I am well aware that these words have been severely criticized by the Business and Professional Women's Union as inconsistent with the principle of equality between the sexes. But to condemn petticoat rule is not to debar women from Parliament. On the contrary I firmly believe that a woman's place is in the House—even in the House of Lords. If my women readers could know the thrill of pleasure experienced by every male Member when he finds a bundle of knitting stuffed under the upholstery of a back bench they would realize the sincerity of my statement.

Women Members have adapted themselves remarkably well to the rigours of day-to-day legislation. In time they will live down the indiscretions which marred so much of their earlier work. In retrospect it is difficult to realize that there was a time (and not so long ago, either) when male Members entered the chamber with their hearts in their mouths. If the women had preceded them they might find the Speaker's Chair in the Press Gallery, the Mace enamelled bright green, the dispatch-boxes covered in cretonne and most of the benches in the lobbies. And if you don't believe all this, ask Lady Astor and Miss Ellen Wilkinson about it, and watch them blush.

It is interesting to note that Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's plans for the new Chamber provide that all movable furniture and impedimenta should be bolted to the floor of the House.

Now let me turn to controls. The



"Are you ready to cut the cake, Madam?"

first thing about controls is that they should be relaxed gradually—that there should be, as it were, an orderly unwinding. It is necessary to distinguish at least four stages in this process. They may be called:

- (1) The pre-transition period
- (2) The period of transition
- (3) The post-transition period
- (4) The "allowance," a sort of time-lag that does not fit comfortably into any of the above.

If you ask me how long these stages will last I can only repeat the titles by which they are familiarly known in Whitehall:

- (1) Central European time
- (2) The phoney peace
- (3) Double somersault time
- (4) The hundred and one days.

I proceed to the technique of de-control. Clearly, it is not a matter for the bureaucrats. The orderly unwinding must be in an anti-clerk-wise direction if we are to avoid the vicious spiral of inflation. (Thank you, friends, your appreciation is meat and drink to me.)

My view is that controls should be removed very quietly with the House of Commons in secret session. In this way the people would discover their liberation only very gradually. Instead of a short-lived and possibly dangerous burst of common rejoicing there would be a steady and sustained flow of satisfaction.

The method would have the further advantage that controls could be reimposed, in an emergency, without most people knowing that they had ever been taken off.

Epithalamium

On the marriage of Predictor Number Four and Gun Number Five

MY Number Four (so rapt with life)
Has wed my Number Five
(a bore).

I pray her days run free from strife—
My Number Four!

The rules, which frankly I deplore,
Are adamant that man and wife
May not live here as heretofore.

Hush, hush the clarion, mute the fife!
For him the tent, for her the door.
I hate to wield this cruel knife—
My Number Four!

O.C. Train

IT can now be revealed without jeopardizing the military situation in the Middle East that Captain Symphon and I recently carried our Welfare activities as far as Damascus, where we made quite a hit with the local troops and also very nearly put a bend in the Street called Strait owing to Symphon misleading the driver of our truck by trying to tell him which way to go in Syrian Arabic. In the end we returned to Egypt by train, and for some obscure reason Symphon was made "O.C. train."

"What are the duties of an O.C. train?" Symphon asked the R.T.O.'s assistant. The R.T.O.'s assistant pushed a bundle of papers into his hand and disappeared.

"There are no duties," said a rather fallow major who had been in the last war and probably the one before that. "The post of O.C. train was originally invented so that whoever got the job could have a compartment to himself and thus sleep with his feet up. In these crowded days that is merely a dream gone by, but I suggest that you and your friend and I hasten quickly to the compartment labelled 'O.C. train' and lock the door."

We hurried to the compartment and found three people already seated, and as they refused to move even when

Symphon said he was O.C. train, he wrote their names and numbers down in a little book, but as one of them was a Group Commander in the R.A.F., which we believe to be something quite high, and another a Pole, we just sat down with them and made the best of it, and presently the Pole was teaching us how to play poker dice so successfully that after losing four Syrian pounds (nine shillings) Symphon said that as O.C. train he felt he had been wrong to countenance gambling. The Pole put the dice away but did not give us our money back.

Then a railway official came along and asked Symphon how many men of each class were on the train. Symphon said that he did not know. The man said he must know, because he was O.C. train, so Symphon looked at the papers in his hand, which were written in Arabic, and could not make head or tail of them.

"Let me have a look," said the fallow major, and then turned to the railway official and said that there were a thousand Chinese officers on board, five Russian moujiks, and a baker's dozen of Free Germans.

"Thank you very much," said the official, and passed on.

"My statement was a mere guess," said the fallow major, "and personally I think it unlikely that there are either Chinese or Russians on board, but these railway officials know so little

English that any answer satisfies them, so long as you don't hesitate."

The journey was uneventful for the first ten hours or so, and then the train stopped for twenty minutes for no apparent reason, and the fallow major said that this was the signal for the O.C. train to take over the engine-driver's job as we crossed the border.

"But I can't drive an engine," said Symphon.

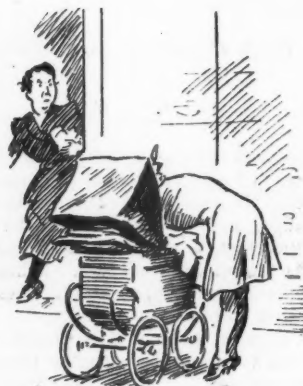
"It is a mere formality," explained the fallow major. "They will show you which knobs to press and which handles to turn. I don't know the origin of the custom, but I fancy the Syrian engine-driver is not allowed to drive in Palestine, and the Palestine engine-driver is not allowed to drive in Syria, and they are not exactly sure where the border is, so they insist on a neutral taking over for a hundred yards or so."

The cool night air as we walked along by the side of the train roused us sufficiently to make us think the story rather fishy, and the engine-driver's reception of Symphon's offer to take over confirmed this impression.

When we got back to our compartment we found the fallow major lying at full length on his own seat and ours, and the door locked. He seemed to be fast asleep, and after trying for some minutes to rouse him we sorrowfully departed and spent the night in the brake van.



"I never can pass a pram—



without taking a peep—



at the baby."

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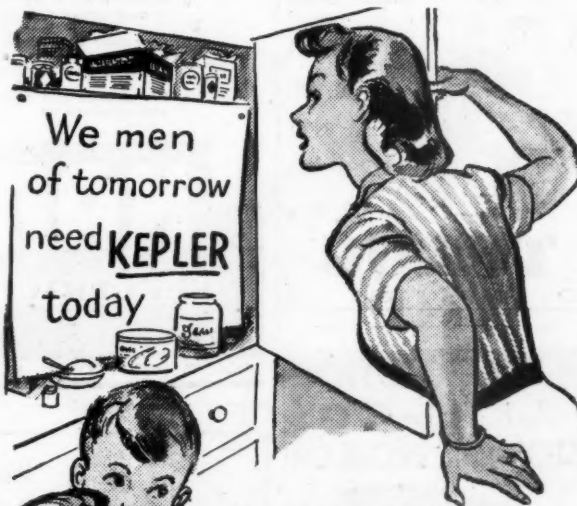
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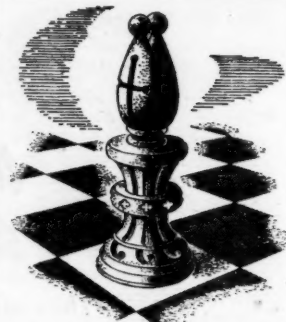
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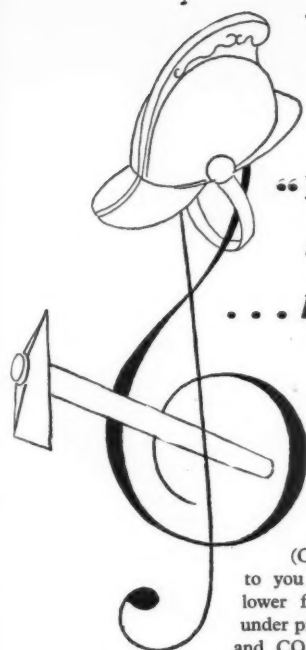
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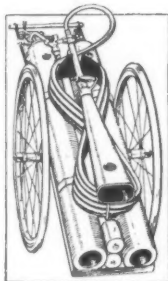


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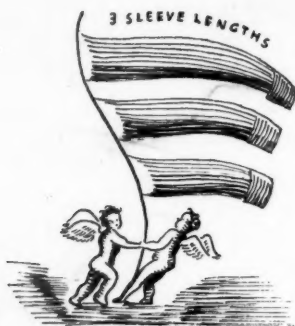
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